

STORY OF A FRONT TOOTH.

A Small Fortune That Was Restored to Its Rightful Owners.

One winter morning a little boy of eight or ten years ran into the office of the United Charities in New York city crying bitterly. Between his sobs he gasped out, "Uncle has stolen mother's front tooth; please get it back for us."

His mother, then lying dead at home, was an actress. In her youth she had had a large diamond inserted in her front tooth, and the advertisement had proved preposterous.

As the young passed misfortune over took her; she was deserted by her husband, the family teacher was often empty and the children hungry. Eventually she fell into part with the doctor, always telling the children that after her death the money it brought would support them for some time.

When the little mother became ill with tuberculosis the children buried her fears about their future with assurances of the value of the jewel. But before the funeral a wicked uncle came in the night and pulled out the tooth.

An officer was sent at once to the uncle with threats of arrest if restoration was not made at once. The mission was successful, the tooth restored, the diamond taken out, sold and the proceeds used for the children.—*Continued From Survey.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Joe Jefferson's Story of the Man Who Helped His Parents.

The late Joe Jefferson told this story of his childhood days:

"When my parents were traveling in the west we had a hard time to get along, meeting with bad luck in town after town. Finally we came to a little village in Illinois and prepared to give up the play. However, the people of this town had recently turned against the theater, and the license was far beyond what we could pay. We were almost in despair, for our situation was desperate, not enough money to give our play in the town where we were and not enough to get to the next town."

"Finally my father found a young lawyer who listened to his story with sympathy and promised to help us. He succeeded in getting us a permit to play free of cost. We made good money that night, which carried us on to the next town in comfort."

"I recently played in this same town, which is now the good sized city of Springfield, and I visited the cemetery where that young lawyer now lies. On the stone which marks his grave is carved the name 'Abraham Lincoln.'

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

That Does Not Rust.

It costs the owners of steel ships millions of dollars annually to protect their vessels from excessive rusting. Do what they will, the process of oxidation goes on, and every so often the metal hulls have to be treated with anti-corrosives. The same silent process of decay is going on in the metal work of bridges, of railways and trolley lines. The inventor who can find a preventive against rust will save the world almost incalculable wealth. And the curious thing is that once upon a time the world knew of such a preventive. There is still to be seen at Delhi, the new Indian capital, an iron monument, which, no matter what the weather may be, never shows signs of rust. Scientists look that piece of iron over, but it keeps its secret well. Yet if the old Hindoo metallurgists could do as much, why not the metallurgists of today?—*Rochester Post-Express.*

SIEGES OF PERONNE.

They Won for the Town the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The town of Peronne, not far from Paris, has had the distinction of being decorated with the Legion of Honor and can place the cross so much sought after by every Frenchman in its coat of arms and on its seal.

Peronne has two memorable sieges to its credit, the first in 1558 and the other during the Franco-Prussian war.

During the Siege of 1558 Entzorn, governor of the town, held out for more than a month against the Comte de Maunay, Lieutenant of the Emperor Charles V. At the end of that time Maunay, who had failed to three assaults, gave up the siege.

The siege of Peronne during the war of "Cognac-Sainte" was one of the bloodiest in history. The Prussians occupied it on Nov. 25, 1870, and the town held out until May 9, when with half the men in arms, no means of fighting the few, and in the absence of food and water, while 2,000 soldiers and citizens were taken prisoners.—*New York Times.*

FIRST IROQUOIS TREATY.

II. War Between the Indians and English in 1609.

The first treaty between the English and the Indians was made on Sept. 21, 1609, and entered into a friendship that continued for more than a century. The Indians had been alternately at war and peace for many years, and the English found their stocky allies valuable in the war with the French for North American supremacy.

The first war was an instance that the Indians, in the course of events, were made to feel the effects of their losses in the battle with the French, and the two held out until May 9, when with half the men in arms, no means of fighting the few, and in the absence of food and water, while 2,000 soldiers and citizens were taken prisoners.—*New York Times.*

ARMED DISAPPEARANCE.

One of the most successful sharpshooters in naval war, Capt. William Howe, was a successful trader in New Jersey, and was married to a woman he left his wife behind him. He never came back, and after some years, as far as participants were specially known to enable him, Howe to administer his brother's estate. Then, on arriving in 1822 the "widow" received a letter requesting an interview. Mrs. Howe, who had the appointment, and informed her husband, he had been living in Virginia, to get some information on the time, he approached and sought a place upon the anniversary of the wife. It is said that the widow never lived happily ever after.

THE GOLD CROWN.

Mrs. Knapp would be a good and particular teacher to have influence over neighbors, but, whether it was a question of character or fitness, or when Mrs. Knapp completed on Oct. 1, 1878, the wife of William Howe, with whom she had been laboring on the subject of calling cards for more than an hour. "It seems to me you're sort of taking the same tone," she concluded, looking sharply at the room.

No rock was ever more truly fixed than were Mrs. Knapp's opinions, but she considered herself of an extremely pliable disposition, with a mind open to conviction on all sides.

"It's the strangest thing to me the way the rest of the family talk as if I were set in my views," she said one day to her nephew, William's little wife, with whom she had been laboring on the subject of calling cards for more than an hour. "It seems to me you're sort of taking the same tone," she concluded, looking sharply at the room.

SINGULAR DREAMS.

"Peatie" Elusion That Drew Tears of Paths From the Sleeper.

Lord Roberts records a remarkable dream. In October, 1893, his father, to whom he was acting as his side-camp at Peshawar, India, had issued invitations for a dance. Two days before it was to take place he was silent and eventually told his son that he had had an unpleasant dream, which had visited him several times before and had always been followed by the death of a near relation. As the day wore on his depression grew, and he wanted to put off the dance. He was dismused him, but that night the dream returned, and the dance was then postponed. The next morning the post brought news of the sudden death of the half sister at Lahore with whom he had stayed on my way to Peshawar."

Many people have dreamed poetry in their sleep. The London Chronicle tells of one man who awoke from a dream with the lines streaming down his face at the pathos of the following lines:

Walker with these eyes,
Walker with these feet,
Something to do,

But the limit of absurdity in this curious art was achieved by the woman who composed a whole epic in her sleep. On awaking she found that she could remember only the concluding couplet:

Admiral Kirkham and his never daugh-
ters hang in a bark suspended over the waters

ONE REASON.

Frederick Townsend Martin, writer and social leader, was asked at a dinner in New York if he could account for the enormous number of bachelors. "Mr. Martin stroked his mustache and smiled.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "a bachelor, you know, is a man who never has to answer questions that he doesn't want to answer."—*Washington Star.*

EMBARRASSING.

"Mamma," said May, eight years old, "I'm glad I'm not a boy."

"What makes you feel that way?" said mamma.

"Well, I think if I were a boy it would be so embarrassing to propose," she replied.—*Indianapolis News.*

PESSIMISTIC.

"I suppose your baby sister cries some, don't she?"

"Cries! Why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Many a great effort in life owes its final success to the sound of a faint cheer.

BOTH WERE STUBBORN.

Lots of Good Will Power Was Wasted in Mrs. Obstinate.

How much perfectly good, serviceable will power people waste in mere obstinacy! Martha Malone, after working three years for Mrs. Wilson, aped one morning at Mrs. Wilson's back door and applied for a place.

"Why," said the surprised Mrs. Wilson, "I thought you were working for Mrs. Bixby."

"I was, mums. But I've quit."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Wilson could not conceal her surprise. "I thought you liked her."

"Indeed I do, mums."

"And I'm sure she liked you."

"I believe she did, mums. Leastwise she always seemed to."

"Well," Mrs. Wilson was still wondering what the trouble had been.

"Well," said Martha, seeing that some explanation was expected, "you see, it was like this, mums. I always put the blue chin plates on the right hand side of the cupboard, and this morning the plates come along and messes 'em and says, 'Martha, every mornin' for three years you've put the plates on the wrong side and I've had to come along and move them, and I can't stand it any longer!'

"And," said Martha, "I say to her, 'Mrs. Bixby, every mornin' for three years I've put them plates in the right place and you've come and moved them, and then I had to come along and move them back, and I can't stand it any longer either.'

"And so I quit!"—*Youth's Companion.*

QUEER TRAP FOR LIONS.

Fly Paper Caught and Held the Men-
ster Man Eaten Helpless.

You know what a ferocious, powerful beast the lion is. You can imagine what strong chance it would take to hold this fast. So can you even imagine a lion captured with fly paper?

Well, not so very long ago four huge men eating lions were taken at the manner at the village of Gwadar, in India.

It happened that the headman of the village was able to shoot the four up in a hut into which they had ventured in search of prey. He kept them there barricaded for nearly two weeks, no one being willing to attempt to capture them. Finally he thought of lighting the fire and, by means of the heat and smoke, drove them out of the hut.

The fire was an instance that the bulls had the strength of the strongest. The Prussians were unable to make them go, and the soldiers were forced to burn the village to the ground.

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